Glo. Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue. (ger,
Glo. Look how this ring incompaſſeth thy fin-
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine:
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone.
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent;
Treſſill and Bartley, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already. *Exit.*

Glo. Sirs, take
Ser. Toward
Glo. No
Was euer wo
Was euer wo
Ile haue her,
What I that
To take her
With curſes
The bleedin
Hauing Go
And I nothi
But the plain
And yet to w
Hath ſhe fo
Edward, her
Stabd in my
A ſweeter an
Framd in the
Yong, valian
The ſpacious
And will ſh
That cropt t
And made he
On me, whof
On me that h
My dukedom
I do miſtake
Vpon my life
My ſelfe, to b
Ile be at charg
And entertai
To ſtudie faſ
Since I am cr
I will maintai
But firſt Ile tu
And then retu
Shine out fair
That I may ſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317, 22318) LONDON, 1605, 1612 THE BRITISH LIBRA